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The many Deaths of Soul

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Chapter 1 by paul connolly

I cant really remember the first time i died ,i think i was maybe sixteen years old .It was in a forest surrounded by huge sycamore trees in full bloom ,the sky was sea blue beautiful like it was dripping down all around me , when I was reborn it was dark clouds all around my new parents were French but living in the Americas ,oh i loved it there. I could speak three languages before i was seven years old my father was a doctor and my mother was a school teacher.I had many friends all educated all living well healed lives .One of my friends was Pia she was beautiful and so giving so honest and when they killed her i was heart broken ,this deed i could never forgive and i would revenge her death as i only knew how.

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